Curious Conceits of the Funny Men Seen and Described.

"The trouble with this building subways." aid the tired-looking merchant, "is that takes so long before the contractors et the darn things sub.

"Instead of doing all the work undernd, they bore their tunnels up on the rface first; and then dig the holes to put

"Now, I've got a scheme that would not only save the contractors time and money. but would also permit business to go on as usual.

"Instead of digging a ditch and then putting a lid on it, why not cover the streets and put the traffic on top? Merchants yould have to go to the trouble of moving their front doors and show cases up to the econd floor, of course, but that would certainly be better than having trade stopped

"And think of the great advantage this system would have in case they ever wanted to build another subway. "According to the present methods, they'd

have to tear up the existing subway, as well as the streets, and then lay the other one

under it.

With my scheme they'd merely build another roof over the first one, and then shove the front doors, show cases and general traffic up one more flight. The possibilities are illimitable; they could add on as many more roofs as conditions might increase.

demand.

"And just think how such a system would beautify this fair city of ours! Why, it wouldn't take more than ten or a dozen of these supersubways to bring New York's ugly skyscrapers down to a real nice tidy, artistic height.

right skyscrapers to the control of the control of

it wouldn't be a bad hole.

"The lower half dozen or so subway lines would still afford them ample means of transportation, and they could use their flagstaffs to hitch their horses to when they were doing business on the level.

"Then, too, think of the increase in property values this scheme would bring about Take, for example, a man owning a down-town residence of say four stories deep.

COULDN'T KEEP AHEAD OF TIME.

The clock struck one: Jones gave a start,

On seeing Jones I called to him And passed the time o' day

and hurried on his way

"There would be nothing to prevent him from selling his roof as a site for an uptown office structure—stipulating, of course, that the builders must not sink their foundations

the builders must not sink their foundations lower than his attic.

"Wouldn't all this upset the real estate business? you ask. Yes, I suppose it would at first. They'd have to sell all property by the cubic foot, of course, for unless height and depth were taken into consideration, a man might wake up some fine morning to learn that his roof had been trespassing in the cellar of the man just above him, or vice versa. But all such complications would adjust themselves in due time.

due time.

"It will be easy enough to install a system of perpendicular rapid transit that shall give transfers at all tiers to the horizontal lines. The difficult thing will be to devise some system of crossing signals that will insure comparative safety.

"Until this is done we must expect to read of some such accidents as this in our morning pages."

of some such accidents as this in our morning papers:

"An upbound perpendicular transit car collided with an eastbound horizontal car at the corner of Thirty-fourth street, Fourth avenue and Subway ter 114 yesterday. The top of the perpendicular jammed through the flooring of the horizontal. Three women who were riding on the horizontal car had their ankles sprained, but refused medical attendance and went home."

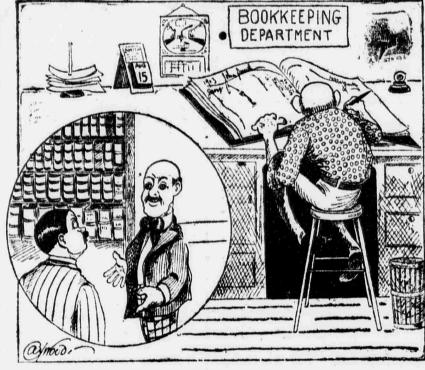
"But, then, as I said of the real estate problem, all that will straighten itself out in due time. It is a great scheme if we can only get it through."

#### An Extra Inducement.

"I really haven't decided just where I will get my next divorce," said Mrs. Grassweeds. "At first I thought some of trying to establish a residence in Rhode Island, but aren't the courts of Dakota or some one of those Western States giving trading

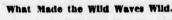
Mortality Figures of Grandmothers. If office boys are to be believed the mor-

ality of grandmothers is lowest when the home ball team is on the road. When the nine returns the mortality rises, and is in direct proportion to the size of the bleacher attendance.



FANCY AND FACT.

"Yes, books are my hobby. I even try a hand at writing myself now and then. In fact, put in my whole vacation finishing up a little book I started on way back last January.





Lilly Paddington-Won't you teach me how

#### ome one who swims badly? A Bunch of Business

o swim, Mr. Klam? I want to learn so badly.

Stewart Klam-Then why don't you ask

They had just come from rehearsal, when some one proposed a ride. They repaired to the neighboring livery stable and picked out their horses.

All went right until they were on their

All went right until they were on their return home. The light comedian's horse seemed anxious to reach his stable, and so set out to make his own pace.

The others looked on in alarm, thinking for the nonce that there was little comedy in the prospect. They held their breath and were gratified to see presently that the runaway horse was under control.

Then did the heavy old man canter up to the comedian, and ask if he was all right "Yes, I'm all right," answered the frightened Thespian, "but, say, there aren't many lines in this part, but there's a devil of a lot of business!"

# she Judged From the Sound



ow. I hope it's crying hasn't annoyed you. Neighbor Smithson-Not a bit of it. I just asked because Mrs. Smithson was sort of worried. She thought the poor little thing was getting more than one set and feared its mouth might be overcrowded.

What Did He Mean?

Darkleigh Brown—Br-r-r, but it's cold!
I'm just dying to get to some place where
t'll be really warm.
Leiter Green—Well, I can't think of any
quicker way to get there.

Perish the Thought!



Beau McGuire—Sure she'd marry me only she says I got ter go ask her fader first Say, now, on de level, do I look like de kind ur a guy dat would go askin' favors off a mut like old man Clancy?

HISTORICAL ROMANCE HISTORY-SPECIMEN EXTRACT.



"Shortly before the ark landed the animals grew restless and became dissatisfied with their food. They voiced their complaints to Noah through the only two creatures on board who were possessed of the power of interpretation between man and beast.

"Their protests finally became so frequent and so violent that Noah was compelled to take summary action. The two interpreters, who were the only surviving epseimens of their race, were executed and, next night at sundown, buried deep in the sides of Mt. Ararat. That is the reason that evolution's greatest treasure is sought in vain. That is why the issing links are missing still.—The Wooden Chieftain, page 1367.





city boarder really believed me when I told him we sowed bird seed t' raise egg plant.

PRUDENCE AND ARBUTUS HUNTTHE ELUSIVE BUTTERFLY.









#### CIMEON, THE BEAR AND THE SHEEP.

#### Case of a Knob Country Man Who Insisted on Running Slam Against Nature.

LACKAWAXEN, Pa., Aug. 15 .- "Uncle Jase sot a minute," said the man from the Knob country, "and then he says to the Squire,

sort of as a clincher: " 'Squire,' says he, 'happens that Simeon was an ancestor o'mine,' he says, 'and not so long back, either,' he says, 'and it's a leetle queer, seems to me,' he says, 'that I never heerd or a bear makin' him out to be a sheep thief,' he says.

First place, I says to the Squire then, and I'd say it to him now:

'Squire,' I says, 'you hadn't ought to done it! S'pose you have got idees about Uncle Jase?' I says. 'S'pose one o' them idees is that no matter what folks thinks as to the leetle statement Paul made in his haste about mankind in gineral, they don't hesitate a minute to say that if it don't hit Uncle Jase plumb as a shot in the bullseye, then lightnin' never hit a barn?' says. 'There's such things as goin' a leetle too fur, Squire,' I says, 'and you hadn't ought to done it!' I says.

"But the Squire he jest only grinned. "Uncle Jase is from the Rocky Hill deestrict, and he's a feller-citizen that most folks has toler'ble strong idees about, partic'larly the Squire, and Uncle Jase had come in this time and told about Evander havin' snuck up onto a bear that was asleep and got a rope around it before it could wake up and clutch him; and, more than that, had yanked the critter, in spite of itself, all the way into his clearin', where he had it tied to a pole, safe and sound, that very minute. Then the Squire had said to Uncle Jase, jest as if he didn't have no more doubt about that bear than he did hat he was settin' there, that Evander had run his head slam ag'in Natur', and he'd

better keep his eye peeled. "'If there's one thing that a bear won't never fergive nor fergit,' says the Squire, shakin' his head solemn at Uncle Jase, and ookin' fer all the world as if this doin's of Evander was worryin' him like all-posessed, 'it's bein' ketched and done fer while it's asleep, 'cause then you're runnin' slam ag'in Natur',' he says, 'Natur' is wonderful, he says, 'and you can't beat her. And there ain't nothin' she's so wonderful

in as she is in bears,' he says. "If you sneak onto a bear when it's asleep and git the best of it,' says the Squire 'look out! You're tryin' to beat Natur' and Natur' won't have it!' he says. 'If you ketch a bear in that way, it's bound to have it in for you and git even, and make it a sorry day for you when you done it. There ain't nothin' Natur' is so wonderful in as she is in bears, and Evander wants to keep his eye peeled,' says the

"Then Uncle Jase sticks up his nose and says 'Poof!'

'Jest ezac'ly what poor onfortunit simeon up and says to my gran'father!' ays the Squire, holdin' up his hands. \_\_'And rather calc'late he lived to see the day he was sorry, poor feller!' says he. 'Simeon had snuck up onto a sleepin' bear, jest like Evander has been doin', and got a rope onto it and yanked it home and tied it to a pole. the Squire, 'that he had run his head slam

ag'in Natur,' so he had, and that if he didn' put a ball into the bear and end its future right there, he'd find sorrow and tribulation ahead of him worse than rassalin' with a sawmill; but Simeon only jest turned up his nose and says "Poof!"

nose and says "Poof!"

"'My gran'father,' says the Squire,
'knowed bears from A to izzard, and how
wonderful Natur' was into 'em, and he went
away sorrowin,' 'cause he knowed there
was a day o' reckonin' for Simeon if he didn't
kill that bear he had snuck up and ketched
when it was sleepin'. And Natur' is Natur'
now, and hears is bears, jest the same as they

when it was seepin. And Nathr' is Natur' now, and bears is bears, jest the same as they was then,' says the Squire. 'I feel sorry for Evander,' he says.
"Then Uncle Jase he says 'Poof!' ag'in, as scornful as Sam Hill; and the Squire he shook his head and says, 'Too bad! Too bad!

bad!'
"'As fer Simeon,' says the Squire, 'he wa'n't partic'lar pop'lar in the deestric' that's so, but he hadn't never done nothin' wrong as anybody knowed on. Yit he had ways, and folks didn't care much fer him. Then along about that time some one took to stealin' sheep around there most tremendous. Who was doin' of it

one took to steam sneep and oin' of it most tremendous. Who was doin' of it nobody couldn't git no idee.

"One day,' says the Squire, 'my gran'-father was talkin' to Simeon, and he says to Simeon that it'd go hard with the sheep-trealers if they was ever ketched. It'd stealers if they was ever ketched. It'd be State's prison, sure as cats, he says. "The bear that Simeon had ketched

"The bear that Simeon had ketched asleep was layin' there by its pole, pretendin' to be snoozin,' but when my gran'-father spoke them words it opened its eyes and looked up suddent and queer. Then it got up and took to thinkin' like, and kep' turnin' its eyes on Simeon, and grandfather says to Simeon ag'in to beware o' that bear; but Simeon jest says "Poof!"
"Next day,' says the Squire, 'gran' father went away on a three weeks' raftin' trip, and the day after that, young Steve, who lived next farm to Simeon, got up early and

lived next farm to Simeon, got up early and found three of his sheep gone. But the thief had left such a trail that Steve follered t till it stopped, and then he almost ker flummixed, he was so astounded.

"But he went right off,' says the Squire, and woke up the Jestice o' the Peace, and cold him he wanted a warrant for the sheep thief; and when young Steve told him who it was he 'most fell in a fit. Then Steve routed out the constable, and where do you think he led him? Straight to Simeon's!

"'First,' says the Squire, 'they went to the milk house. There hung young Steve's three sheep. And they were skinned! Ther they went to the barn. There laid the pelts off o' them sheep, on the barn floor.

"That was all they wanted. They got Simeon up, served the warrant and marched him off in spite of all he could say. 'Young Steve said afterward,' says the Squire, 'that he see the bear dancin' around the pole, and huggin' itself as if it was jest about bustin' with joy or somethin', but Steve didn't think nothin' about it, bears

Squire went on and told Uncle "The Squire went on and told Uncle Jase how the upshot of it all was that the day his grandfather got back from his three weeks' raftin' trip he went over to Simeon's to see how him and the bear was gittin' along, the Squire's grandfather, of course, not havin' heerd anything about Simeon bein' took up for sheep stealin,' and there was the bear layin' down by the rate perdant, like when along comes. pole, ponderin' like, when along comes young Steve with the news from the county

meat, and he hollers out:

"Hooray! Simeon gits three years in jail! Hooray! "With that, says the Squire, 'the bear jumped up and danced and hugged itself, and almost hollered hooray, too."

not knowin' she was so wonderful in bears that a bear ketched asleep was bound to git even with its ketcher, even if it had to make him out a sheep thief—that unfortu-

make him out a sheep thief—that unfortunate man had to serve his time. Uncle Jase, says the Squire, 'the best thing you can do is to send Evander warnin'.

"Uncle Jase he sot a spell, and then he says to the Squire, sort o' as a clincher:

"Squire,' he says, 'happens that Simeon was an ancestor o' mine,' he says, 'and not so long back, neither,' he says, 'and it's a little queer, seems to me.' he says, 'that I

so long back, hether, he says, and it's a little queer, seems to me,' he says, 'that I never heerd of a bear makin' of him out to be a sheep thief!' says he.

"'What!' says the Squire, jest as if he was s'prised more than he could say. 'Simeon an ancestor o' your'n?' he says. 'Well—

l-well! he says. 'Kin it be, then,' says 'that the bear didn't steal them sheep after all?' save he. "And I says to the Squire then, and I'd

'Squire,' I says, 'you hadn't ought to done it!"
"But the Squire he jest only grinned."

### NOT A CANNIBAL.

#### But for a While the Fat Man's Neighbor a Table Feared the Worst.

A fat man walked into the restaurant and, after knocking down a few hats while hanging up his own, sat as much of himself down as the only vacant seat in the room would hold. He grabbed a piece of the bread that had come with his right hand neighbor's order

and began to munch on it.

Then he looked for the bill of fare. The ministerial looking man on his left was reading it. The fat man leaned over on reading it. The fat man less him and began reading it too.

"How's them pork chops and apple sauce?"
he mumbled between mouthfuls ofbread.
The ministerial looking man said nothing
and edged his chair a little farther away.
Just then the waiter appeared with a
bowl of bean soup for a patron on the other
side of the table. side of the table "Hey, waiter," bawled the fat man, "bring me one o' them soups, and hurry up about

will yer!"
The ministerial looking man heaved sigh of relief. "Thank goodness, sir," he said, turning to the fat man. "I was so afraid you were going to order pork. I detest a cannibal."

ACTÆON IN WISCONSIN. Whisker-Singeing Substituted for Transfor-

#### mation. From the Milwaukee Sentinel.

Bound hand and foot and begging for mercy and the salvation of his Van Dyke beard, Eugene Lipkow, the wholesale tobacco dealer, it is said, was put through a trying ordeal by Milwaukee and Chicago summer girls at Nagawicka Lake, Wednesday

summer girls at Nagawicka Lake, Wednesday night.

The Milwaukee man had broken in upon the solemn function now the fad at the lake resorts known as "meeting the fates."

Twenty-five women were dressed in weird costumes, some of which looked much like per tops and were dancing around a large fire on the bank of the lake. The tobaccoman followed the party to the woods and was smoking a cigar in the dark when he was discovered, in the midst of the ceremonies. There was a wild yell from the society girls from the city and the man was run down and captured. He was taken from his hiding place and twenty-five dainty hands aided in binding him to a tree. Pricking him with sticks and frightening him with flaming brands, he was cowed and compelled to restrain him-"With that,' says the Squire, 'the bear jumped up and danced and hugged itself, and almost hollered hooray, too."

"When the Squire's grandfather heerd all about it, he up and says:

"I warned him! I warned him ag'in the bear, but he poofed at me! The bear stole them sheep and put it on to Simeon, sure as guns!"

"Then,' says the Squire, 'the bear quit huggin' itself, and laid down and looked skeert and sneakin'. But there wouldn't nobody else believe that the bear had done it, and the unfortunate 'man that poofed at my ancestor, who knowed bears from A to izzard, and that scoffed at Natur'. vas cowed and compelled to restrain his

#### DRINCE MICHAEL'S FAIRY TALE.

#### The Story of the Princes and the Dragon, as Told by an Assassinated Ruler of Servia.

Prince Michael, who reigned over Servis forty-five years ago, was assassinated by agents of the present King Peter's father just as King Alexander was recently murdered by friends of Peter.

In a volume of Servian folklore, collected by Mme. Mijatovich, is a fairy tale contributed by this Prince Michael. heard it when a boy from the lips of his

It tells how there was once a King who had three sons and one daughter. The daughter was walking one day near the palace when a great dragon that lived in a magic klosk in the air came swooping down upon her, mounted on a flying horse, and carried her off.

Then the three brothers mounted their steeds and set out in search of their sister. the King telling them not to return home again until they had found her and rescued her from the dragon. The three brothers travelled and travelled

and travelled until, at last, they came to the magic kiosk hanging in the air between earth and heaven. Then the two older brothers said: "There is no way to climb up to the kiosk

let us return and say that our sister is dead.

But the younger brother said: "No let us kill one of the horses and make a long thong of leather from his hide. This we will shoot up to the kiosk by attaching it to an arrow, and so we can climb

This they did, and then the question arose as to who should climb up the leather arose as to who should climb up the leather thong to the kiosk and kill the dragon.

The oldest brother said that he would not, and the second brother declared that he was afraid. So the youngest brother climbed and entered the airy dwelling of the flerce dragon. He went running from room to room, until at last he came to a great hall where he saw his sister sitting with the dragon, sleeping with his head upon her knee.

## hen and her chickens were sorting out the pearls for her. After having looked over the palace, the brother returned to the hall where the dead dragon lay and threw him to the ground, where he fell with a great thud, which almost scared the two older brothers to death

to death. Then the young Prince drew up the leather throng and with it let down to the earth his sister and the three maidens, who

had been engaged.

As he lowered them he shouted to his brothers, telling them to whom each of the maidens he had rescued should be-long. For himself he reserved the maiden

long. For himself he reserved the maiden who had been stringing pearls with the help of the golden hen and her chickens. But the brothers were filled with envy and cut the throng, so that the younger brother could not get down, but remained a prisoner in the magic kiosk.

Then they went on their way back to their father, the King, taking with them their sister and the three maidens.

On the way they met a peasant lad whom they dressed up as a prince, and taking they dressed up as a prince, and taking him to the old King, who was now getting very blind, passed him off as the youngest

brother. In course of time the brothers were to be married to the maidens whom they selected. But on the day when the eldest was to be married he was struck down by the young Prince, who rode from the kiosk on the dragon's horse with the silver harness.

When it came time for the second brother when it came time for the second prother to be married he, too, was stricken down by the young Prince, who rode forth from the magic kiosk on the dragon's horse with the harness of gold.

Then came the day when the peasant was to be married to the maiden who strung pearls with the bell of the golden han and

pearls with the help of the golden hen and her chickens. But just as he was to lead her to the altar the youngest brother appeared, riding the dragon's horse with the harness studded with precious stones, and claimed her as his own bride. and claimed her as his own bride.

He made himself known to his father
the King, who ordered the shepherd away
to instant execution, embraced his son
and gave him half his kingdom for a wed-

#### GEN. CLAY SURRENDERED. He Acknowledged the Justice of a Corre-

From the Louisville Herald As characteristic of Gen. Cassius M. Clay, correspondent sends the following story: Under an act of the Legislature the re mains of Joel T. Hart, the famous Kentucky

great hall where he saw his sister sitting with the dragon, sleeping with his head upon her knee.

The boy drew his sword and struck the dragon with all his might, but the dragon only roused up a little and, moving a paw toward the place where he had been hit, said:

"I felt something bite me just there."

Then the brother hit him with his made as hard as he could. The dragon only said:

"I felt something bite me just there."

But at the third blow the dagger of the younger brother found the vulnerable spot in the dragon's scales and the monster rolled over and died.

As soon as the sister was freed she kissed her brother and then showed him through the rooms of the magic kiosk.

She led him first to a room where a black horse stood all saddled and bridled, and his saddle and bridled were all of pure silver.

Then she took him to a second room where was another horse, all ready to be mounted like the first, and all his harness was of pure gold.

In the third room was a third horse, ready like the other two, and his harness was all studded with precious stones.

In a fourth room they found a beautiful young maiden spinning golden thread, and in a fifth another beautiful girl was working golden embroidery.

In the last room there was a maiden more beautiful than the others, who was stringing pearls on a golden string. Before her was a golden plate on which a golden hard attended the delivery of the oratioa.

#### TOE THE JUNGLE BOY.

#### Being the Adventures of a Boy Who Was Carried Off by Gorillas.

You may think I was satisfied to stay with the gorillas, as they had treated me well and it was a pleasant life, but from the very first day I was always longing to get away and back to my own people.

The trouble was that they never let me out of their sight for a moment. Many and mail a time I started out to take little walk by myself, hoping for a chance to get away, but one or more of the animals always followed me, and if I walked too far they grew angry.

It was plain that they meant to keep me prisoner, and if they caught me trying to escape it would be bad for me. In telling you of the battle we had with the black men I told you of finding a fli

and steel after the fight was over. I knew how to strike a spark and build a fire, but I put the things away in a hollow tree and made no use of them. I had a plan in my head to use them later on, but I must first know where I was and how

far it was to my village. I was always in hope that we should set out some day and journey toward the Zambesi River, and that, finding myself near home, I might get away by day or night, but we never went in that direction. It seemed as if the gorillas suspected me and were determined not to give me a chance.

When I had been a prisoner for three long months and had become discouraged, I determined try my plan.

I knew that all wild animals were afraid of fire, but I could not tell just how frightened the gorillas would become on seeing flames. If they did not run far away, then my plan would be a failure. One day, about noon when there was

a pretty stiff breeze blowing, I began piling

up a great heap of dead leaves and limbs.

The gorillas were very curious to know what I intended to do, and they watched me very closely.

When I brought out the flint and steel they gathered around me like a lot of school-boys, and when I struck fire they all cried out "Hu!" and scampered around in

told me that my father and all my tribe believed that I had been put to death by the Makololos. fakololos.

I was too far from home to think of going.

and the traders advised me to going back alone, and the traders advised me to go with them to Cape Town and live among the white people for a time.

I was glad to go with them, and scarcely had we come to the towns and cities when the people began to question me and declare that my adventures were wonderful.

The newspapers said that I was the only person ever heard of who had been captured by gorilles and got away alive.

by gorillas and got away alive.

One day a dime museum man came to see me, and after a little talk he offered me money to go to England with him and be put on exhibition as the Gorilla Boy.

I consented to go, and have been travelling about ever since. I am now about 16 and have visited many countries and seen many strange things.

strange things.

I am no longer a savage, but I dress and live like any white boy, and I can also

and live like any white boy, and I can also speak very good English.

Of course, I should like to see my father and mother and my native village again, but they are a long way off, and there are many dangers in the way.

The Mwais would be glad to see me, and I could tell them many wonderful things I have seen since I left them, but I do not think they would be pleased at my wearing clothes and eating the food of white men.

Should I ever go back to them I will remember the readers of this story and

remember the readers of this story write my further adventures for them. J. C. S. JOHNSTONE'S LUCK.

He Believes It All Came From One Game Impulse. From the Chicago Inter Ocean. He pursued a Salvation Army girl through the corridors of a Chicago hotel and inte the street. Just as observers thought they had to deal with a lunatic he overtook the girl, gave her a dollar and thanked her for

taking it. He saw that his conduct had

attracted some adverse attention, and gave the explanation that seemed to be due. Ten years ago a rascally partner beat I. C. S. Johnstone, then of Faribault, Minn., out of all he had. After years of come-fort, at the age of 41 and in hard times, he faced the world with practically nothing but his hands. He went to Minneapolis and tramped the streets for work in vain. At last he had but five cents between him and

beggary or starvation. Walking along the street, uncertain whether to try again or give up the battle altogether, a Salvation Army girl asked him for a nickel for the poor. Moved, perhaps, by the unconscious irony of the request, he gave her his nickel, and told her it was his last cent. "The Lord won't forget," she said, and went

sport.

In a minute the leaves began to blaze, and as the smoke and flames leaped up my friends began to chatter and scream and draw away. The wind carried the flames into the thick forest, and pretty soon there was a fire raging that a hundred engines could not have put out.

The gorillas huddled around me for three or four minutes, afraid of the flames, not wishing to leave me, but at last terror overcame them and they ran screaming away.

Instead of following them I ran in another direction, and I had gone as many as ten miles before I felt safe from pursuit. I had a fear of meeting black men or other gorillas, but fortunately I did not. All that afternoon and for three days more I journeyed through the forest, sleeping in trees at night, and then I came upon a party of white men camped in a grove.

They were traders who went from tribe to tribe selling spearheads, knives, looking glasses, beads and other things. Two of them had been in our village once, and I knew them at sight.

When I had told them my story they said it was a wonderful one, and then they gotten him, he watched her at her works